BLOSSOM'S LITTLE PAL

The Change Time Wrought in the Two Companions.

By ETHEL BARRINGTON.

When John Blossom became blind the mainspring of his life was snapped. Imbittered and sensitive, he shunned companionship, his small annuity sufficing for a cheap lodging and meals at a neighboring restaurant. It was terrible beyond expression to be blind, to be dragged back to life when the fever had so denuded him. Existence was barren, useless, hopeless, and when he prayed it was for death.

One day, tripping as he climbed the stairs, he felt the help of baby hands. "You counted wrong," reproved a childish voice. "I did t'uver night in the dark."

"What's your name?" he demanded shortly.

"Dora. Who's you?"

"John Blossom."

"Pretty name. Bend down." Then, whispering in his ear, "I shall call you Blossom," she scampered away, singing back mischievously, "Blossom—B-l-o-s-s-o-m."

It was a week before they met again. The man's mood was desperate. "You is frownin' awful, Blossom," piped the shrill voice, "but you can't frighten me."

"If you are not scared come and talk to me a bit."

"Muver don't 'low me in lodgers' rooms." Blossom felt the rebuff and, reaching the top floor, stumbled into his room and slammed the door. Seated on his cot, he clinched his hands in the agony of his helplessness.

"Come," he cried sharply in answer to a timid rap, whereat some one entered whom he could not recognize. "What is it?" he half shouted, his nerves strained to the point of frenzy.

"Just me, Blossom. Muver says you is axceptions." Then in the silence the child's eyes roved over the room and lighted on the table littered with papers. "Does you write?" Her tone betokened interest. Blossom's hands moved aimlessly. "Write, write? That's precisely what I can't do, curse it!" There before him lay the work begun in pride and hope, now shattered by a darkness worse than death. He was recalled to the present by the pressure of small arms resting on his knees as the child looked up into his despairing face.

"Poor dear!" she sympathized in an old fashioned manner.

"It's dark, Dora—never any light. That's why I cannot write." His voice broke with a half sob.

"I'm dreadful sorry. Let me do it for you. I print now, and I learn fast. See if I don't." She tossed the papers aside and climbed into a chair, sucking loudly at the pencil to make it black. "What will we write, Blossom?" Receiving no answer, she looked up. Her companion's head was pillowed on his arms. His shoulders heaved. Could a man cry even as she sometimes did? Dora scrambled to her feet and hurried from the room, to return a few minutes later flushed and breathless.

"Here's Miss Arabella!" she cried, thrusting a doll into the man's hands. "When I get cryin' I just hold her tight. She comforts lots. Muver's callin'. Hold Arabella close, Blossom."

The doll became the first link in a strange friendship, which grew with years. For the child's amusement Blossom brought wonderful tales out of the storehouse of his imagination, frequently in verse that he strung together during wakeful hours of the night. Dora listened and remembered. As she had said, she learned fast. She was barely twelve when she recalled her promise. "I write truly now. Tell me what to write."

Blossom smiled sadly, declaring the desire dead, but she insisted and coaxed until he yielded, repeating some of the phrasings that haunted him, and the dormant passion revived. It was new birth to the man, and the girl became his eyes, as the gift that had been smothered in darkness and uncertainty suddenly developed, and the poet came into his own. In time "our poetry," as Dora called it, verses with exquisite rhythm, in round childish chirography, found their way into editors' hands and caused comment.

So the years passed, and Blossom counted each anniversary as it came. "Fifteen today," he said on one occasion, sighing heavily. "I wish so I could see you once—just once."

Dora raised her head from copying. It was unusual for Blossom to chat before the dictation was completed. "How do you look?" continued the blind man, directing his sightless gaze toward her.

"Whose decision shall I render?" Dora laughed deliciously. "Mother says a 'big girl,' Aunt Helen 'gawky,' but Tom insists 'pretty.'"

"Of course Tom is right. Well, here is my remembrance." Fumbling in his pocket, he brought out a little case, disclosing a gold locket with a diamond set in its heart shape.

"Oh, Blossom, how lovely! But what extravagance! You can't afford it."

"You mistake. I have more money than I need, little pal."

The girl slipped the slender chain about her neck and gave the clasp into his hands; then as he clumsily fitted it together she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him. His pulses throbbed riotously at the warm touch of her lips, and he barely dared trust himself to kiss her in return.

Strangely enough, it was the last caress she offered. From that birthday she seemed to leave childhood behind, and the man suffered in the change. He grew to dread the succeeding years. His pal was growing into womanhood and so further away from him. He could have lived luxuriously had he desired, but he clung to the old lodging. Critics and public alike acknowledged his genius, yet the whole world was bound up in Dora to the blind author—Dora, whose voice was as music, whose step he could distinguish in a million. He encouraged her to talk about her friends, her ambitions, and—yes, he made her tell him about Tom, too—Tom, who had grown to be a man and on whom Dora's mother looked kindly.

"I must be going now," said Dora after a fruitless afternoon, Blossom having been unable to settle to work.

"Tom coming?"

"Yes." Her voice was a little tired. Blossom noticed it.

"You have not quarreled?"

"Tom never will. Blossom, do you want me to marry Tom?"

"Marry!" The attack was sudden. "Marry! It's beautiful when young people love enough for that. But your mother were better consulted. I am only an old bachelor."

"You are my pal," persisted the girl impatiently. "Mother married young. She thinks I should, but—I don't want to be hurried."

"Quite right," began Blossom quickly. Then, pulling himself together: "Tom's a nice boy. He will make a good husband"—

"He is all you say. I suppose I shall take him. Blossom, I know he is going to ask me tonight." The girl hung over the back of her friend's chair. He could feel her breath on his cheek, but it was a pity he could not see the look in her eyes. Blossom gripped the arm rests as if for support.

"God bless you both, little pal," he said steadily. "I know you will be a good wife. Tom's a lucky fellow."

"You think I had better take him. You wish me to"— The girl bent still closer; her hair brushed his forehead.

"I wish—only your happiness."

"Dora! Dora!" It was her mother calling. Dora moved hesitatingly toward the door. "We will always be pals—always just the same?"

Blossom lifted his head. "Always," he promised. "Don't think about me. You love Tom."

"I love Tom—yes." Then the door closed, and Blossom sank back in his chair. Misery showed livid in his face and stooping shoulders. Dora loved Tom! It had come at last. It seemed as if this second loss were greater, more terrible, than that of his sight. He was doubly bereft. He had promised the girl they would remain pals, but new ties, new duties, would arise. The old must be laid aside; he must school himself to be alone. The sweat broke on his forehead as he clinched his hands; then, with a groan, he folded his arms on his knees and hid his face. He crouched motionless, taking no notice of the passage of time.

Softly, timidly, some one touched him on the shoulders. The man thrilled; his soul leaped out to meet that other self. Passionately his arms opened and claimed the girlish figure of his pal. He felt her throbbing in response, the trembling of her hands as she clung to him.

"Blossom—Blossom, speak to me!" she whispered. "Tell me you love me."

"Love you? With all my being! Dora, who is there in all the world like you?"

"Why did you make me suffer—why did you make me speak?" she questioned half sobbingly.

"I thought it was Tom"—

"I love Tom—as a brother." She clung still closer. "Men are so stupid."

"But, child, I fear I do you wrong. I'm growing old; I'm always helpless, blind"—

"I love you, only you. Blossom, just pretend I am Miss Arabella and—hold me close; it comforts—lots."

And Blossom, stooping, kissed her on the mouth.

Disinfecting Theaters.

A committee of French doctors has been instructed to submit to the Paris police a scheme of regulations for minimizing the danger of the dissemination of infectious diseases at theatrical performances. It is proposed, in the first place, that every theater shall be disinfected after every performance by means of sawdust steeped in antiseptics. It also is recommended that windows and doors shall be kept wide open in the intervals between the performances, that the cushioned seats shall be sponged with antiseptics, that the cloakroom attendants shall undergo regular medical inspection and finally that the air of the house shall be sterilized once a week by means of steam charged with formaldehyde. Pestiferous microbes certainly will need to be of a very hardy character to resist this drastic treatment.—Westminster Gazette.

A Trick in Ink Erasing.

A western banker brought a heavy manila envelope up to the desk in an uptown hotel and asked the clerk if he could paste a piece of paper over the address that was written over the face of it. It was a kind of envelope made especially for his bank and made for a special purpose, and he wanted to mail something in it. The clerk looked at it and then took from his pocket a tiny bit of white sandpaper, rubbed it over the address a few times and handed the banker the envelope with a perfectly clean surface.

"Well," remarked the banker, "you can learn any sort of new trick in any trade but mine. I have been in the banking business all my life, and I never saw erasing done like that."—New York Sun.

S. S. Ballard of Montpelier, secretary of the Automobile Club of Vermont says there are now about 3100 registered automobiles in the state, and that the year book of the club will be issued in a short time.

Charles F. McKnight, 34 years old, married, a painter, died suddenly while fishing in a small brook in Marlboro, Monday afternoon.

"Going, going, gone." With the final cry of the auctioneer, the famous old court house, one of Boston's best known public buildings, virtually became a memory Monday when it was sold at public auction to be torn down.

Since the death of A. P. Hunton, the oldest person in Bethel is Mrs. Eunice Lincoln, who was 94 years old last September.

The call for the mid-summer run to St. Johnsbury of the Automobile club of Vermont has been sent out by Secretary Ballard. The members are invited to St. Johnsbury on July 4.

The new census returns give the commonwealth of Australia a population of 4,449,495.

Belinda's Orphan

She Brought Happiness to a Lonely Home

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"No, I don't want no orphan," said Miss Belinda, with a decisive shake of her head. "I've got my hands full now with chickens and young turkeys coming on and bees and currant bushes without bothering with a high flying youngster that'll scare the chicks and get stung by the bees, although they're warranted stingless, mind you, and to trample on my berry bushes. No, ma'am—no orphans for me!" This time Miss Belinda's lips clicked together with a little sound of finality.

"I'm sorry, Belinda, because the home is jest about running over with 'em. I was telling the matron this morning that I knew there were plenty of folks in Little River who could give a good home to some of those youngsters if they wasn't so mean and stingy. Of course I don't mean you," added the local member of the visiting committee of the Riverview Orphans' home. "But sometimes when I think of all the spare beds, all made up clean and white, in the empty homes around here it makes my blood bile to look upon them poor orphans so crowded for room that Mrs. Hill says they'll have to sleep in rows crosswise of the beds pretty soon."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Belinda, with a startled glance at Emeline Brown. "I think you better stick to the truth, Emeline, and not exaggerate. Now, honest and true, how many orphans too many have they got up there?"

"Ten," replied Mrs. Brown flatly.

"Humph!" snorted Belinda.

In and out of the scarlet wool went her big wooden knitting needles as she rapidly constructed a shawl to comfort some shivering shoulders when the summer was over. Mrs. Brown watched her neighbor expectantly. With a family of seven sons and daughters under her own rooftree she was safe in the condemnation of the uncrowded homes of Little River. Here was Belinda Downs, now a handsome, well preserved spinster of forty-two, of independent means, possessing a snug home, a tiny income sufficient for her modest wants, a little shaggy pony and a rusty phaeton to carry her about the countryside. There was neither man, woman nor child to call upon Belinda for service, for she was without relatives, having outlived them all.

"I should think this was just the place for an orphan to be happy in," suggested Mrs. Brown, throwing an admiring glance around the small domain where orchard and garden were green and thrifty in spring bloom.

"I've got orphans enough as it is," snapped Belinda shortly.

Mrs. Brown smiled as she saw the fatherless and motherless strays which the lonely woman had gathered about her. There was a lame duck which Belinda had rescued after a hunter had brought it down with a glancing shot; a carrier pigeon which had dropped exhausted on her doorstep; a mongrel dog of many colors which had been faithfully scrubbed by Miss Belinda and was now much cleaner if not happier than in his soiled state; there was also a fine collection of homeless cats. Indeed, Miss Belinda's place might have been another orphanage, so thickly was it populated with waifs.

"Would you rather have a boy or a girl?" asked Mrs. Brown craftily. But Miss Belinda was not to be caught that way.

"I'd rather have a cat," she said.

"You ought to be ashamed, Belinda Downs, the way you do talk! If you could see them poor young ones looking so wistful every time a visitor comes, hoping it's somebody to offer a home, you'd harness up Dolly this very instant and go and fetch one away."

"Might as well bring two while I was about it," remarked Miss Belinda ironically. "I've heard it said that it's cheaper for two to live than one. Ain't you heard that?"

"No, indeed. If that's the case, nine people ought to live for nothing, and I know we don't do that." Mrs. Brown jerked on her sunbonnet, shrugged her fat shoulders and without another word waddled down the path that led to the gate between the two places.

"Take an orphan, indeed!" sniffed Belinda for the hundredth time since the Riverview home had been erected. "Humph!" she ejaculated, also for the hundredth time.

Nevertheless, as soon as dinner was over Belinda did harness up shaggy little Dolly, and, climbing into the phaeton and holding the lines very high in her mitted hands, she drove through the pine woods down to the Riverview home.

"I'd like to look at some orphans," said Belinda to the matron when she was seated in the darkened parlor of the home. "What kind have you?" she added, just as if orphans were vegetables or fruit in the market.

Mrs. Hill smiled in spite of the summer heat that nearly overpowered her bulk of flesh. "We have all kinds, even if we haven't got all colors," she said.

Thereupon there ensued a period of trying ordeals for tender hearted Belinda Downs.

Black hair and brown, red hair and tow, flaxen and pure gold all passed in review, and when it was all over there remained in the parlor a soft, round faced damsel of five years, with a soft mop of golden brown hair and a pair of eyes like brown velvet pansies lashed thickly with black. Belinda's heart was thumping rapidly while she interviewed the little girl for the last moment before giving her decision. The child was shy and gave timid, breathless little whispering answers, and Belinda loved her the more.

"Her name is Bessie Carson. Her mother died in the city hospital last March, and their records say that the child's father is dead. You can keep her for a while, and if you are satisfied you can take out full papers of adoption if you wish to, Miss Brown."

"I guess I'll want to do that," said Miss Belinda as she arose to go. "When will Bessie be ready?" she asked, with a delightful sense of ownership in the dainty morsel of babyhood before her.

"This afternoon," said Mrs. Hill. "You won't find her much trouble. She's a quiet little thing and speaks of her mother and the little baby that died, and, strangely enough, she asks for her father. Where's your father, Bessie, dear?" asked the matron, bending down.

"He'll be back in a little while," said Bessie, running to the window. "I guess I better look for him, hadn't I?"

"Quaint, isn't she?" whispered Mrs. Hill as she let Miss Belinda out.

"Very nice little girl," said Miss Belinda, trying to keep the happy sparkles out of her eyes, for it did not seem right to grasp so much happiness as was promised in the possession of little Bessie Carson. "I'll drive down after Bessie just before supper."

All the rest of the day she was very busy preparing for her orphan visitor. There was a small bed to drag down from the attic and place beside her own, and it had to be made up with all the miniature bedclothing which she had used as a child. There were old fashioned dolls and other toys to be resurrected from hair trunks and brushed and reburnished, and there was a batch of delicious ginger cookies to be made so that she might fashion a dozen gingerbread men and elephants with currant eyes for the delectation of little Bessie.

At last when all was in readiness and the little girl had been happily transferred to the phaeton and allowed to drive the gentle pony home there was never such unalloyed bliss as shone in the faces of Miss Belinda and her little orphan. The child loved Miss Belinda and clung to her with affection when she had a chance, and Miss Belinda was almost ashamed of the opportunities she afforded Bessie for showing her affection.

"It certainly can't harm anybody to enjoy being loved," protested Miss Belinda to her sterner self as she brushed away a tear.

"Is you crying, Miss Linda?" asked Bessie wistfully.

"Just a teeny bit, dear, because you love me so much," smiled Belinda, bending to kiss her charge.

"I smile when you love me," confided Bessie. "It makes me feel so good here." She placed a tiny hand on her heart. Miss Belinda kissed her again.

That happened after Bessie had been there three months. The adoption papers had all been made out and filed and Bessie Carson had become Bessie Downs when one afternoon the gate latch clicked sharply, and a tall man strode up the path and looked strangely down at little Bessie playing with her dolls at Miss Belinda's feet.

From her chair on the veranda Miss Belinda arose with a sinking feeling at her heart. This man was not from the home, although there was a strange familiarity in his tall, lean figure, his tanned cheeks, with the firm, beardless lips and chin. He did not look at Miss Belinda, but he pushed back his hat and held out his hands to little Bessie.

"Bess! Darling little Bess! Don't you know daddy?" he asked hoarsely.

With a startled cry the child looked at him earnestly and then ran straight to his arms with the unfailing instinct of the child for its parent.

Then the man looked up and saw Miss Belinda standing, white and shaking, before him. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's my little girl, and—Mercy! Linda Downs, what are you doing here with my Bessie?"

In the long, cool twilight there was time to relate how James Stearns had married the girl he had been engaged to when Belinda Downs met him in the west so many years ago and they had both fallen in love in spite of his previous engagement, but he had been true to his promise and married the girl who had been Bessie's mother; how one of the devastating floods of the west had separated the little family for months, and at last the wife and child had gone east in the hope of finding some of Mrs. Stearns' relatives. She had been taken ill in New York, registered by mistake under the name of Carson, had died and left the homeless little Bessie to the care of stranger hands.

In the meantime the distracted father had been hunting high and low for his family. He had traced them to New York, had proof of his wife's death and now had come to Little River to find that an all wise Providence had brought his little daughter into the empty, longing arms of the one woman in the world who could be his wife now.

When Emeline Brown heard of it she chuckled audibly. "Don't never sniff at orphans again, Belinda Downs," she admonished the bride. "You're under a debt of gratitude to me for pressing of you to take one."

But Belinda and her orphan—orphaned no longer—smiled contentedly at the man they both loved best in the world.

It Drew Trade.

Friend—Why do you have such misspelled and ungrammatical signs in your front windows?

Sharp Tradesman—People think I'm a dunce and come in to swindle me. Trade's just booming. — New York Weekly.

The Very Latest.

"She's very proud of her child."

"Doesn't she know that mere children are unfashionable?"

"But I believe she has some sort of modified baby."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A VILE PLOT THAT FAILED

How a Scheme to Ruin a Girl Was Frustrated.

My mother died when I was eighteen years old, and my father married again. My stepmother soon had children of her own, and it was to her interest that I should not marry and rear a family, for she had arranged with my father that if he died before I had issue I was to have but a small fraction of his estate. If, on the contrary, I married and had a family, I was to have half.

I did not think Mrs. Mendicott so depraved as to commit any overt act to keep me from marriage, but believed she would foster any circumstance that might lead to that result. She had a governess for her children, Adele Trimball, a sweet, patient girl of strong character, with whom I fell in love. As soon as Mrs. Mendicott discovered the situation she gave Miss Trimball notice that she would dispense with her services.

The day before her departure she came into the library, where I was sitting, very much discomposed.

"George," she said, "Mrs. Mendicott has made up her mind to keep us apart by ruining me."

"How do you know?"

"Know! I've seen through her from the first. What do you suppose she has done? On going into my room just now I found a twenty dollar bill on the floor before my dressing table. Mrs. Mendicott put it there in the hope that I would take it and she could accuse me of stealing it."

"What did you do with it?"

"Left it where she placed it."

"That won't do. I'll go and get it."

I hastened to the room and looked all over the floor, but the bill was not there, nor could Adele find it when she went to look for it. Mrs. Mendicott announced that she had lost a twenty dollar bill in Adele's room when she went there with her purse in her hand to put some clothes in the empty bureau drawers. She left us all to draw our own inferences.

I did not propose that Adele should rest under such an imputation. I questioned my stepmother, not telling her that I had been warned in the matter, and she convinced me that she had not herself taken the money from the room. I questioned the servants, but gained no clew from any of them till I came to Joe, the colored manservant. I looked Joe in the eye and saw there a sly shrewdness that convinced me of his guilt. I searched him and his room, but found nothing.

Then my father came to me and insisted that Miss Trimball's effects be searched before she left the house. I protested, but without avail. The bill was not found, but more money was in her possession than it was believed she had, for she was very poor, and her salary had been very small. At any rate, Mrs. Mendicott convinced my father that Adele was the thief, and I was informed that if I married her I would be disinherited.

What would it avail to tell my father that Adele had seen the bill in her room and told me of it? Such a statement would not be believed and would only widen the breach. Either Mrs. Mendicott had taken the bill herself or some one had gone into the room in Adele's absence and taken it. I inclined toward the latter opinion. I lay awake the night of Adele's departure thinking out some plan of investigation, but could hit on nothing. I believed that Joe had appropriated the bill, but since he and his effects had been searched there seemed to be nothing more to do.

One Sunday evening Joe came home smoking a cigarette. He had a cob pipe in the stable which he smoked when off duty, and I had sometimes seen him smoking a cigar, but never before a cigarette.

"Joe," I said, "have you another cigarette?"

He pulled out a package and handed it to me. I took one, looking into Joe's face as I did so, and noticed that he appeared anxious. Lighting the cigarette, I puffed awhile, then said:

"These are fine, Joe. Where did you get them?"

He told me, and in ten minutes I was in the shop in conference with the tobacconist to find out if Joe had offered a large bill for his purchase. I was disappointed. The boy had paid in small change.

Later I went out to the stable, where I found Joe enjoying his pipe.

"Have you another cigarette, Joe?" I asked.

"No, sir; I smoked 'em all up."

"What! Smoked ten cigarettes in an hour?"

"Well, you see, I give some of 'em away."

"Whom did you give them to?"

"I gave 'em to"— He could get no further. He was cornered.

"What makes that lump in your vest pocket?"

He looked down at the pocket, while I, putting my thumb and finger into it, drew out a case half full of cigarettes.

I felt sure I was on the scent and did not waste any time. Taking a cigarette from the case, I pulled it to pieces. There was nothing in it but tobacco. I tried another with the same result. I broke up four without finding anything, but when I tried the fifth I could not break it. Tearing the wrapper, I uncovered green paper and in another moment had unrolled a twenty dollar bill.

Chillsome.

"I once proposed to a girl in a conservatory."

"With what result?"

"A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost."—Washington Herald.

The Barrier.

"When their eyes met, what happened?"

"Nothing. Her hat brim kept him twenty inches from her mouth."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PEOPLE

Rhinelander Waldo, Head of New York Police.

Photo by American Press Association.

Rhinelander Waldo, new police commissioner of New York, is no novice in police affairs, having served the department as first deputy police commissioner under General Bingham. That was in 1906, and a year later he resigned his commissionership when Mayor McClellan selected him to organize the police force for the Catskill aqueduct. His service in the United States army enabled him to perform that task in a highly creditable manner. His army experience dates from 1899, when he was appointed second lieutenant in the Seventeenth infantry. He rose to be captain of Filipino scouts, resigning from the army in 1905.

When Mayor Gaynor became chief executive of New York city he made Mr. Waldo fire commissioner, and he set about reorganizing the department. When it is remembered that the New York fire department has almost 4,500 uniformed officers and firemen, covers an enormous and congested territory and is the biggest fire fighting force in the world the magnitude of his task is apparent. That he accomplished his purpose is proved by his selection as head of the police.

Commissioner Waldo is a native New Yorker, thirty-four years old, and is heir to part of the great Rhinelander estate. His private income is said to be $18,000 per year, and everybody in his family is rich.

Mexico's New Executive.

Francisco Leon de la Barra, who became provisional president of Mexico when Diaz resigned, has had a long and distinguished diplomatic career. He has not only represented the republic as ambassador at Washington, but he has been a delegate to the international peace congress at The Hague and to the Ibero-American congress in Madrid in 1892, was president of the international law committee of the pan-American congress in Mexico City, 1901, and again at Rio Janeiro in 1906, and as envoy to all the republics on the Atlantic coast of South America he lived for a time in each of

FRANCISCO LEON DE LA BARRA.

the important South American capitals and became familiar with their conditions and peoples. He also sat in the Mexican congress from 1891 to 1896.

Senor de la Barra was born in June, 1863, and after graduating at the college of the City of Mexico studied international law. Later he entered the foreign affairs office and soon became an expert in negotiating foreign treaties. Before his assignment to Washington in 1909 he represented Mexico both in Belgium and the Netherlands. His term at Washington was cut short by the revolution in Mexico, when President Diaz called him home to take the difficult ministry of foreign affairs.

Strategy.

Claud Ingalls has found the meanest man in Washington county. The man fooled his hens by tacking up a sign in his hennery, "Eggs 9 Cents a Dozen." Then the fool hens laid two eggs a day all winter to earn their keep.—Kansas City Journal.

Nothing but Profit.

"We profit by our mistakes."

"Do you believe that?"

"I certainly do."

"Then I've got a get rich scheme."

"What is it?"

"I'll do nothing but make mistakes."—Cleveland Leader.

HINTS FOR THE BUSY HOUSEWIFE

Pancake Turner In the Shape of a Trowel.

There are evidences that the trowel was an implement devised by the ancient masons and was in all probability made use of in the construction of the pyramids, but only recently this implement was modified for the use of the housewife. The shape of the kitchen trowel renders the new implement very handy for turning eggs, omelets, croquettes, meat balls and cakes. The dropped blade enables the cook to get under the article to be turned with the greatest facility.

Pineapple Shortcake.

One cupful of butter, two of powdered sugar, three of flour, one of milk, whites of four eggs and a little salt. Cream butter and sugar, add milk and beat hard before putting in the whites of the eggs. Sift two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one of soda in the flour, beating lightly.

For filling and icing boil one cupful of granulated sugar and one-quarter of a cupful of pineapple juice, carefully strained, for six minutes after adding one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, add the boiled sirup gradually to it, whipping the mixture as the sirup is added with the egg whip. Beat six minutes longer and ice the cake thickly. For filling add enough finely chopped pineapple to the icing to make it moist and thick.

Pickled Green Peppers.

Take two dozen large green bell peppers, extract the seeds, cutting a slit in the side (so as to leave them whole), make a strong brine and pour over them. Let them stand twenty-four hours. Take them out of the brine and soak them in water for a day and a night. Now turn off this water and scald some vinegar, in which put a small piece of alum, and pour over them, letting them stand three days. Prepare stuffing of two hard hearts of white cabbage, chopped fine and seasoned slightly, and a cup of white mustard seed. Mix well and stuff the peppers hard and full, stitch up, place them in a stone jar and pour over spiced vinegar, scalding hot. Cover tightly.

Banana Split.

First have your bananas thoroughly chilled in the refrigerator for several hours if possible. Remove the skin from a banana, leaving the skin whole, fill it with ice cream, pour some kind of fruit sirup or maple sugar sauce over the ice cream, lay two or three maraschino cherries on top of this if it is fruit sirup, or sprinkle nuts if it is maple sirup. Lay the peeled banana on the same plate beside the ice cream. If it is served in an oblong plate, cut slice and place the fruit around it. Served on a round plate. This serves one person.

Beef Stewed Like Chicken.

Use beef that has been roasted or boiled. Take the scraps left over, chop up about two cupfuls, put in stewpan, fill half full of water, add heaping tablespoonful of butter, same of salt and pepper and let boil half an hour. Then set on back of range to stew slowly another half hour. Then put one-half cupful of rich milk in and make a thickening of flour and water. Stir this in so it will be about the same as chicken gravy.

Fancy Sandwiches.

Cut white and brown bread in very thin slices and butter. Then cut cold boiled tongue and Gruyere cheese or any cheese in very thin slices. Now arrange the tongue over white bread, brown bread over tongue, cheese over brown bread, and repeat. Put under a weight and let stand three hours, then cut crosswise in slices. Arrange on fancy plate, set on doily. Can substitute rye bread for the brown.

New Way to Hang a Skirt.

Slip on the skirt you are making, then slip another skirt which hangs particularly well over the new one. Stand on a chair and have some one put common pins in the new skirt at bottom of the old skirt, and when you have pins all round the bottom turn up for hem at row of pins and you will find your skirt will hang perfectly.

Cooking Vegetables.

In cooking vegetables all that grown underground should be cooked in cold water, adding the salt before they are done, and they should be left uncovered while cooking. All of the fresh or green vegetables should be put on in boiling water and left uncovered, so that they may keep their color.